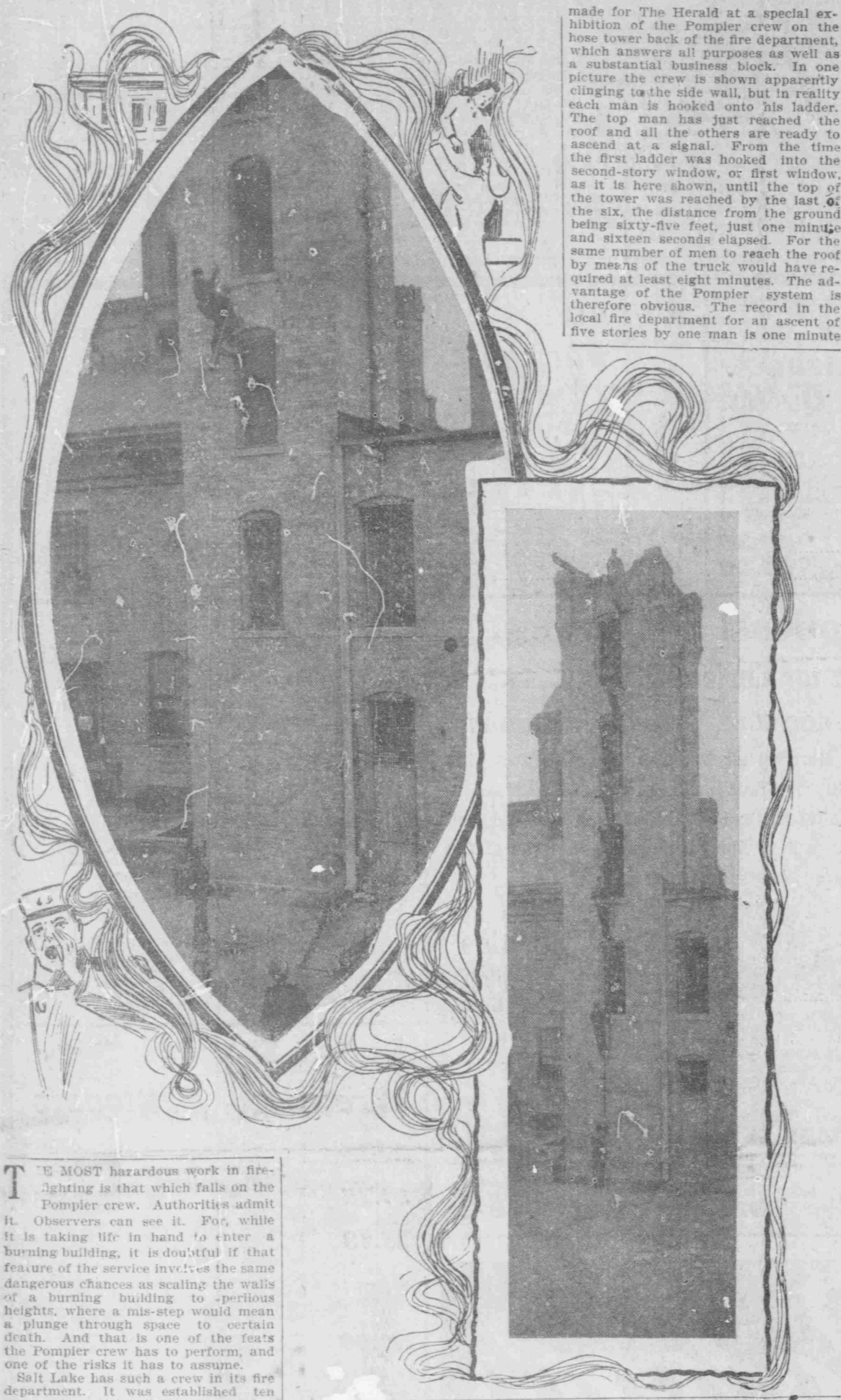


SALT LAKE'S LIFE SAVERS.

Athletes of the Pompiers Crew, Who Are Prepared to Scale the Walls of a Burning Building at a Moment's Notice---Are In Constant Training.



THE MOST hazardous work in firefighting is that which falls on the Pompiers crew. Authorities admit it. Observers can see it. For, while it is taking life in hand to enter a burning building, it is doubtful if that feature of the service involves the same dangerous chances as scaling the walls of a burning building to open heights, where a mis-step would mean a plunge through space to certain death. And that is one of the feats the Pompiers crew has to perform, and one of the risks it has to assume. Salt Lake has such a crew in its fire department. It was established ten years ago, and in all this time it has not once been called into action at a fire. It is a matter of congratulation that this is true. But all these years, with changes now and then in the personnel of the Big Six, the crew has been practicing continually, until now there is not a man among them but can scale the highest building in Salt Lake with the same agility that a cat seeks refuge from the bloodthirsty, barking canine at its heels. The Pompiers boys know not what minute they may be called upon to brave the dangers of lifesaving. Although, as stated, they have never been summoned into action in that capacity, yet they are constantly in readiness and in a flash could raise their slight ladders to the remotest story of a burning building. The members of the local crew are M. W. Earl, captain; P. McCarthy, Andrew Elkrom, A. R. Williams, Rufus Smith and William Balcwin. They work like one man. Each of them is equipped with a Pompiers ladder. This object is shaped like a large scythe, the blade being a steel hook, and the handle straight with small cross-bars, as rounds, spliced onto it. The ladder weighs only twenty-two pounds, making it possible for a man to run about with it with very little inconvenience. Any number of men can scale a building. The quickest work is done by two. The first hooks his ladder in the second-story window and ascends it, when the second passes another ladder up to him, which is hooked into the third story. The first man then climbs to the third story of the building and the second man climbs to the second story, after which he passes the first ladder up again. By this means the ascent is continual. By the same method six or even a dozen men may scale a building. Three may be on one ladder at the same time without danger of its breaking. The ladders are constructed of the hardest and strongest wood. The ladder was the invention of a man named Chris Heal, who has since died, but whose widow is reaping the benefits. Its great advantage is as a time-saver. Two men, or even one, can reach the sixth story of a building and rescue a woman, the descent being made by means of a large belt into which a rope is looped, in half the time required to raise the ponderous truck ladder. The accompanying pictures were

A FAR-REACHING INCIDENT.

The Case of Miss Stone the First International One for Roosevelt. (H. S. Canfield in Chicago American.) Because we have wireless telegraphy and horseless carriages, Atlantic cables and semi-drivable balloons, electrically lighted houses, and grand opera, we think that the world is mostly civilized. The case of Miss Ellen M. Stone goes to show that we are wrong. If it be true that scratching a Russian will disclose a Tartan, scratching the ordinary American or European will show a savage. Such civilization as we have is only a veneering. Twenty thousand years ago the strong man ruled the weaker with a club. Today he goes about it differently, but he rules. Only a change of method differentiates Dick Turpin with two horse pistols jammed against the face of a victim from the organizer of a raid in a wheat pit. Both are freebooters, both on a plane with the prehistoric individual who first smashed the skull of his prey and then divested him of his warm skins and stone ax. The situation of Miss Stone is both unusual and outrageous, but by no means unprecedented. Such things have happened before in the Balkan states and in the Peloponnese, and will probably happen at intervals to the last livable of recorded time. In the face of the fifteen or twenty desperate ruffians who have the woman, a nation of 75,000,000 of people stands helpless, not to mention the Turkish and Bulgarian governments, which have not seemed to be particularly active in the matter. It is a case of pay, pay, pay, nor is any modern resource of avail, excepting always the resource of gold. Her value to them consists wholly in being an unharmed American missionary. Her mutilation or death would

deprive them of the cash which they seek. At the same time it is certain that if the money is not forthcoming she will be murdered. Every tradition of south of Europe brigandage proves this. They have the whiphand of the situation. A more considerable knot of human beings, they dictate to the world. Doubtless the money will be paid. The sum asked for the release of Miss Stone is a trifle when weighed against her life. The sum may come from popular subscription, or from the state department, or both, but it will be given to the brigands as soon as they can be reached for final negotiations. It is believed, with much show of reason, that the required amount has been already cabled to the official American representatives in the Orient. With the woman at liberty and under the protection of her flag, the task of hunting down the bandits will fall to Bulgaria and Turkey. Reparation to America will be demanded immediately, and the case thus assumes a grave international aspect. President Roosevelt is said to hold Turkey responsible, basing his claim upon the fact that Turkey is responsible for the disturbed condition which makes such outrages possible. The sultan will be required, not only to return the amount of the ransom, but to make apology and to pay punitive damages. That monarch never pays anybody or power if it can be avoided, and hence an American naval demonstration may be necessary in order to back up the demands. It is held in England and on the continent that when this is done the sublime porte will give an order upon its scanty and depleted treasury. It is, of course, entirely possible that it will refuse to yield at all, in which case war would ensue as the outgrowth of the act of a score of villains in Bulgaria. Once America has formulated its demands it will be compelled to push them to a conclusion, however serious that conclusion may be. For the mat-

ter of that, there have been many wars in which thousands of men have died and gone to the worms for less grave causes than assault upon the liberty of an American citizen. Whether right or wrong, in many parts of the world the safeguarding afforded by the American flag is supposed to be equal to no safeguarding at all. The present president is a fighting man and his people will await with grave interest his action in this first severe test of his quality as an executive. Dollars must effect her release. Until then the honor and life of this brave, self-sacrificing woman hangs by a thread. Honored by the Emperor. (New York Commercial Advertiser.) Anton Dvorak has been accorded a rare distinction by the emperor of Austria. He is the first musical composer who has been made a member of the Austrian imperial household. Dvorak was born in a suburb of Prague in 1854. He was the son of an inn keeper and evinced his musical genius in early age and received his training in the government schools. Makes It Too Easy. (Chicago Post.) "Yes," said the lawyer, "business is bad." "What's the reason?" asked the casual caller. "The new bankruptcy law," was the reply. "That's that to do with it?" "Why, it enables a man to beat his creditors without going to the trouble of hiring a lawyer to help him." At the Opera. (Omaha News.) Mrs. Draper--How do you think young Mrs. Dick Colquhoun looks in her new evening dress? Mrs. Snapper--There is so little of her in it that I hardly know. To Their Mutual Profit. (Cleveland Plain Dealer.) A California widow abandoned a house in which she had lost two husbands, and it did not seem to occur to her how easily she might rent the place to discontented wives.

NEW TESTAMENT IN UP-TO-DATE ENGLISH.

Chicagoans Translate the Scriptures Into the Language of Today.

A "TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW TESTAMENT" has just been completed in Chicago. Instead of the simple, powerful language of the King James edition the sacred writ has been translated into up-to-date, modern English.

In their introduction the translators express the belief that there is a demand for the scriptures in modern English. "Few English-speaking people of today," they write, "have the opportunity of reading the Bible in the language of their own time. In the last 100 years the Bible has been translated into the every-day language of the natives of most of the countries of the world, but the language of our Bible is still the English of 400 years ago."

While there are some people who champion the vernacular edition, there are many who heartily abominate it. In the last 100 years the Bible has been translated into the every-day language of the natives of most of the countries of the world, but the language of our Bible is still the English of 400 years ago."

Following are a few parallel passages from the St. James Bible and from the new Chicago edition:

THE KING JAMES BIBLE. NEW CHICAGO VERSION.

The Magnificat.
St. Luke, I, 46-55. And Mary said my soul doth exult in the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden; for, behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he hath done great things unto me, and holy is His name. And His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation. He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away. He hath helped His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy.

Consider the Lilies.
St. Luke xii, 27-30. Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass which is today in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven: how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith! And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

The Beatitudes.
St. Matthew v, 3-12. Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in Heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Lord's Prayer.
St. Matthew vi, 9-13. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

Beginning and the Word.
St. John i, 1-5. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

St. Paul on Love.
Corinthians xiii, 4-8. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up. It doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh not evil; it beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

Sowing and Reaping.
Galatians vi, 7-9. Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall reap the flesh; corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall reap the life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

QUAINT PRINCESS SINGH.

Ways and Appearance of Titled Girl Who's to be a "Medic."

The Princess Sophia Bamba Dhuleep Singh, daughter of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh of India, who has just entered the Women's Medical college of the Northwestern university, Chicago, keeps generally in the seclusion of her room. On Sunday morning she went out for a walk with two dogs, which crossed the ocean with her. One is a great Dane, and the other a big Russian pointer. These the princess evidently intends shall be her companions while she lives in this country. It is a grief to her they are not allowed to live in her rooms, but they are carefully guarded in the barn. On the street she wore a short blue skirt with an eon jacket of fur, and a brown felt hat. Her dress is European, and her speech a quaint, lispish English. The maid she brought from England is as reserved in speech as herself.

His Great Ambition.
(Chicago Post.) "I wish I could write better," sighed the boy. "Is that all?" asked his mother. "Well, I wish I could spell better, too," he replied. "How about arithmetic?" she inquired, but in this line he betrayed little interest.

The Only Course.
(Washington Star.) "Why don't you challenge him to prove the truth of his scandalous assertions?" said the American. "That would be too easy a task for him," answered the European. "I'll have to challenge him to fight."

A Title Explained.
(Washington Star.) "You know," Philadelphia means "brotherly love," said the man who always wants to tell you something. "Yes, but it was named long before Mr. Vannmaker and Mr. Quiny got to doing business in that neighborhood."

ELIAS CLYBOURNE'S WILL.

In the prosperous city of Fordham, an Illinois city of mills, factories and railway shops, lived Elias Clybourne, a cynical, lonely man, whose riches made no one the happier, nor even himself. To him he called one raw March evening, Josiah Medford, the attorney, a man as hard, close-fisted and greedy as was Clybourne himself. "I am past seventy, Medford," the rich man said, "and I want you to draw up my will. I have never made a will, you see, and I don't want that scamp of a Harmon--my cousin--nor that lazybones of a Henry Clybourne, my nephew, to dance over my grave--and dance they would, if I should die intestate! So I'll make a will that'll bring a tear or two from their eyes!" The grim old fellow laughed as he spoke. It was not a pleasant laugh to



hear; so thought even the hard old lawyer who heard him. "Going to leave your money to charity, I suppose?" "Charity? Well, you may call it that!" said old Clybourne, lay back in his chair, closed his eyes and seemed to have forgotten the existence of Josiah Medford.

The lawyer waited with patience. He had seen the workings of hatred in his day and knew the malignant desire to hurt sometimes forced to action unwilling hands. This will, he understood, was to be reluctantly made, but since it must be done, it was for the purpose alone of disappointing the expectations of the rich man's relatives. This much the lawyer guessed, as he laid his writing materials out before him on the table and prepared himself to write, whenever the spirit should move old Clybourne to dictate.

"Make it short and sure," the old man said at last. "Short and sure. I want to give and bequeath, devise, convey and all that you know--all I have in money, lands and personal property--everything I possess at the time of my death, to my grand niece, Louise Amberly. Now, you make it all as tight as a drum with your rascally phrases!"

"Louise Amberly!" echoed the surprised lawyer. "I didn't know you had any such niece!" "You didn't have to know it till now, did you?" retorted the old man. "And now that you know it, do you just keep it to yourself, please, for no one else knows it. I quarreled with Amberly before he was married, and I don't believe he ever spoke of me to his wife. The lawyer did not even blink and said nothing. His client looked at him now, almost approvingly.

When the paper had been roughly drawn up, corrected, and then rewritten, it was handed to old Clybourne. After looking it over carefully he signed it, first calling in two servants as witnesses. Jack Amberly had been a black sheep. He had died a notorious death, and he was not keeping with his life, on the field of battle in the civil war. Amberly's poor little broken-spirited wife had almost faded out of memory since the soldier's death. Old Clybourne did not even burden his minds to think whether she had a child or not. But old Clybourne knew what he was about. Without doubt Louise Amberly was the widow's daughter, and the fact that her existence was entirely unknown to those who hoped to be heirs to the old man's fortune had whetted Clybourne's relish for the grim game he was playing with Death for a partner.

So Josiah Medford, as he walked in the slanting rain, from his office to the bare, uninviting bachelor quarters in which he lived. He was ancient of days, this man of law. It was a tradition that he had been married, and that his wife had died, long, long ago, and the tradition was supported by a certain ghostly marble slab in the Fordham burying ground. But no one had thought of Josiah Medford as a man of family, for, lo, these many years.

Now it strangely happened that upon this very night in March upon which the lawyer had drawn up old Clybourne's will the dream of matrimonial bliss which visits, at times, the most hardened devotee of single blessedness, came to the old man. He dreamed of the morning saw him on his way to the city where, through veiled inquiries, he had found some reason to believe lived Louise Amberly and her widowed mother. In that city he made a short stay and then returned to Fordham.

In May the old lawyer declared that he stood in the way of a vacation, and without more ado he packed his doors and departed. He took up a temporary residence in a hotel in Chicago, and was introduced by an elderly clergyman with whom he had renewed a slight acquaintance to Mrs. Amberly and her daughter. Louise Amberly was a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl, who worked for her bread and that of her mother. She was a

very little of this world's goods. "We are to be married as soon as we have saved enough to make a little home for ourselves," explained Louise, with a world of love and pride in her voice. Josiah Medford went home raging. "I'll spoil her prospects for her, the wench!" he muttered, and he went straightway to old Clybourne with the story. "He'll see what a fool she is, to throw over money and marry a poor, grubbing railway clerk, and it'll be the end of that will!" so the disappointed attorney reasoned.

Old Clybourne listened to the lawyer's tale. He said nothing, and Medford went away feeling puzzled. The next morning old Clybourne wrote the widow Amberly. "It has done me good," he ended his letter, "to know there is such a thing as real love in the world. To be sure, money can't buy everything. Do come and visit me, you and Louise, and I will help the girl out in her preparations for marriage. I am thankful to have it proved to me that money is not all in all to everyone, as it is and always must be to me, though it has not made me happy."

And so the lawyer was completely routed, horse, foot and dragons, but old Clybourne thought none the less of him, after all, for his enterprise. Its failure had made a bright spot in his shriveled up old heart. Louise Amberly married her young lover, and old Clybourne is alive yet. No one but his attorney shares with him the secret of the will.

"Come away," chuckled old Clybourne; "some day there'll be a surprise!" But no one will ever be more surprised than was Elias Clybourne when he found out that money doesn't rule everybody.

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FAMOUS DOCUMENT FADING.

Declaration of Independence is Now Practically Blank Parchment.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.) As a physical "seable" thing the famous Declaration of Independence is no more. The stirring text and the signatures of the members of the continental congress have faded away. This precious document is preserved in a cabinet in the state department library, but it is now practically nothing more than a large sheet of parchment on which no legible writing appears. Part of the words "Declaration of Independence," which were written in large letters with many ornamental flourishes, are decipherable. Not a signature is visible to the naked eye. One hardly discernible stroke of John Hancock's pen is all that remains of his bold and vigorous autograph, which the purports made large as to show the British government that he had no fear of being known.

The declaration is preserved in a narrow drawer, glass covered, which slides in a steel safe with heavy double doors locked by a heavy combination. After its removal to the state department from Independence hall in Philadelphia, where the continental congress held its session on July 4, 1776, the declaration was placed in a glass case and exposed to the view of visitors. Owing to the strong light to which it was subjected it began to fade and was then removed to the drawer in which it is now preserved. The fading continued, however, until now the noted document is nothing more apparently, than a mere blank sheet.

His Liberal Views.

(Washington Star.) "He says that you are narrow-minded; that you are not a man of liberal views," said the friend. "The slander carries its refutation on its face," answered Senator Sorghum, indignantly. "No man has ever paid the legislature as much as I have."

Man and His First Love.

(Omaha News.) Whom first we love we seldom wed. 'Tis well 'tis so, my brothers. Likewise our wives would all be old enough to be our mothers.